a selection of original modern

Nonsense Verse

not intended for children

by Neal O'Carroll

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Sojourn to Nibit

by Neal O’Carroll

Every Monday afternoon without a deviation
I climb aboard an army tank and ride it to the station
On arrival I dismount and purchase me a ticket
Then off I go along the track to destination Nibit

Nibit is a city of which very little’s known
But for the last decade or so I have there weekly flown
It might be for the discount stores which sell cheap toiletries
More likely it’s because I like to go there to catch bees

The Cat Lottery

By Neal O’Carroll

Eleven cats of diff’ring sizes
Ran a lottery with prizes
Thereby breaching section twenty
Of the Gaming Act (1990)

Some were jailed, while others pleaded
Ignorance, and were believe-ed
“Cats are stupid, so it’s credible”
Said the judge, “that they’d be gullible”

That been said, they did get cautioned
Not to offer people fortunes
Scratch and sniff, but not on cards
Or else you’ll end up behind bars

Puppy on the roof

by Neal O’Carroll

nce upon a slated roof
A tired puppy rested hoof
He sat atop the summit’s crest
And faced his weary eyes out west

He spied a gasworks, lit and smokey
“Gosh” he cried out “Be the hokey”
Up atop the gasworks chimney
Sat his second cousin Jimmy

“What you up to?” he did shout
And cousin Jimmy turned about
To find out who was calling him
And why they thought his name was Jim

“I’m sorry” Jimmy hollered back
You’ve confused me. My name’s Jack
The puppy did apologise
Something had clouded his eyes

“So what you up to anyway?”
To his new acquantance he did say
“I’m crapping down this warm gas pipe
About to give my ass a wipe

Any other questions, shithead?”
“No” said puppy, then he fled
And nothing further ‘twixt them said
Till the day when both were dead

The Seller

by Neal O’Carroll
Central heating’s overrated
Said the salesman as he baited
Two new buyers for his fires
Electric ones – they’re powered by wires

Try these melons said the seller
Forcing them on Mrs. Weller
Two a pound, there’s nothing cheaper
Other’s prices are much steeper

Try some of this, the pusher whispered
It’ll really get you withered
Free this time, until you’re netted
No doubt you’ll have had them vetted

By a friend who knows these things
He’ll tell you that they’ll give you wings
He’ll look quite a bit like me
Except disguised with toiletries

He’ll entice you back to me
That’s when I can up my fee

Ah this job, it’s such a bliss
Perhaps I shouldn’t tell you this

Fungal Reflection

by Neal O’Carroll

As I sit and ponder why
An ostrich ever tries to fly
I deviate and think of times
I’ve spent looking at railway lines

I’ve always wondered how they stay
So firmly parallel, no stray
They must be blessed, those engineers
With very powerful inner ears

To balance themeselves accuratly
Atop an overlooking tree
And peer down at their long day’s works
To make sure it aligns like forks

And while I ponder and I muse
Fact and fiction start to fuse
And I imagine tales of old
Of William Tell and legends bold

An apple hangs upon said tree
And underneath is little me
The engineer he shoots a bow
And over I do start to go

Falling far through open air
Until I wake up fine and fair
Amazed at how I dreamt so clear
The mushrooms are fantastic here

The Bet

by Neal O’Carroll

Several years ago I met a gentleman who claimed
That any scheme to win a bet on horses was hair brained
I challenged him to wager on which foal would win the cup
And halfway through the race got interrupted by a pup

The dog ran out upon the track and made his presence felt
The organisers looked so hot it seemed like they might melt
One horse tripped over, then another, followed by the rest
It goes to show, I always say, that puppies are a pest

Nature’s Winter Tale

by Neal O’Carroll

Beyond the dual glazing
Where dew water is hazing
Another world does exist

Animals busy themselves
Like merry little elves
Preparing themselves to exist
Through to Spring

Somewhere in the midst
A creature in dire straits
In vein flusterings to assemble it’s mid December nest

The wind is too strong
And she waited too long
Around and afar blow the straw and the leaf

What a life for a sparrow!
An extended Summer
A sojourn in South America

It became an Autumn
She forgot to go home
Until now
And the weather’s against her
“Oh fuck”, she says

I Wandered Lonely as a Wasp

by Neal O’Carroll

I wandered lonely as a wasp
That floats on high o’er veils and hills
And gets spotted by a wasp hunter
Who lifts his gun, takes aim and kills

I strolled and pondered why we’re here
And clocked up several hours of thinking
Eventually my mind did clear
And into logic I did peer

Clear as a bell it all became
My doubts they did begin to wane
Just in case, I reconsidered
But clarity was still unhindered
It’s obvious it seemed to me
A lower species we must be
Otherwise why would we begat
Eight lives less than the humble cat?

Let no Man Ponder

by Neal O’Carroll

Oh joy of joys
My life is better
The clouds have burst
I’m getting wetter

My time is now
The day has come
At least according
To my mum

Ten times the price
At half the cost
Who knows the hour
When we’ll be lost?

A gnat is born
Yet none has died
The miracle
At which we cried

Let no man ponder
What we seek
At least until
Tomorrow week

Let hats be worn
And cheeses bought
Insider jokes
Their meanings sought

Announce the world
A new time dawns
Make way, make way
You’re all the pawns

Make patchwork quilts
And eiderdowns
And celebration
Dressing gowns

Be merry, drunk
Don’t lapse your glee
‘least not until
You need a pee

Let it be known
The time is now
Or to be accurate
Ten seconds past, now

Don’t search a moral
This is a con

I made this up
It’s meaning – none

1851, Ireland, a cat

by Neal O’Carroll

Into the west rode the brave young cat
Not one to balk at a crisis like that
On and on ran the brave little mite
Fearlessly fighting the potatoe blight

A hundred years later he lay undisturbed
In his grave, a death which left most unperturbed
For nobody knew or cared or remembered
How one little pussy’s life got dismembered

Mrs Proctor’s Prescription

by Neal O’Carroll

Take twice daily, says the doctor
Handing them to Mrs. Proctor
Don’t forget to try a packet
Of these ones – they’re quite a racket
All the young ones swear by them
They make you feel more feminine
And frankly you could do with some
Unless you want to be a nun

The Count Perishes

by Neal O’Carroll

I see a purple man on stair
Despite the overwhelming glare
He calls at me amidst the white
To please turn off the painful light
I turn and look and see and shudder
Hate and evil spill, I blubber
Apocalyptic is the scene
He drowns in brightness, his breath weans
Seconds pass, he’s disappeared
The whole vampire, and his beard
Immersed in whiteness, doomed to die
There but for his grace go I

Untitled Nursery Rhyme

by Neal O’Carroll

Half past noon
Let’s go to the moon
And visit the pink baboon

He’ll welcome us soon
And lend us a spoon
And we’ll sample the cheddar moon

We’ll try out the cheddar
And it will taste bedder
Than anything we’ve ever seen

So we’ll gobble it all
And after we’ll fall
In love with the cheese on the moon

And if we’ve got room
After eating the moon
The baboon will make us some tea

He’ll be all smiles
Visible for miles
Then he’ll eat us

Black and White and Red all Over

by Neal O’Carroll

Black and white and red all over
Let’s go roll around in clover
That’ll add a hint of green
Increasing chance of being seen

Black and white and green all over
Let’s insert a dog called “Rover”
That’ll up the cuteness factor
Nothing like a canine actor

Black and white and full of barking
Let’s provide some indoor parking
Nothing like conveniency
To get the patrons to the movie

About this Collection

These nonsense poems were first published on my personal website MatchstickCats.com. They were mostly writeb during a short period in the mid two thousands. I was NOT on any drugs at the time.

For more of my humour - including Into Your Head podcast and Matchstick Cats comics - visit IntoYourHead.ie

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